



# **THE HUMS OF POOH**

by **A. A. MILNE**

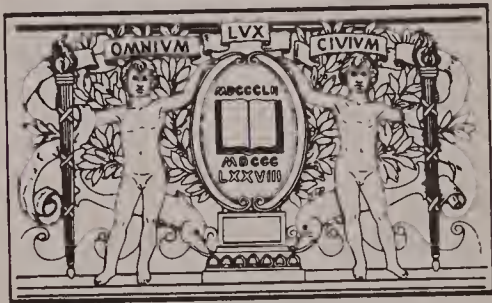
Music by

**H. FRASER-SIMSON**

Decorations by

**E. H. Shepard**

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*BY THE SAME COMPOSER, AUTHOR, AND ARTIST—*

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SONGS FROM "NOW WE ARE SIX"

MORE VERY YOUNG SONGS

# THE HUMS OF POOH



LYRICS BY  
POOH



MUSIC BY

H. FRASER-SIMSON

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

A. A. MILNE

DECORATIONS BY

E. H. SHEPARD

ADDITIONAL LYRIC BY

EEYORE



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Dedicated by

H. F. S. and A. A. M.

to

Cicely Fraser-Simson

—

As Posh is inspired by a hum or a whistle he  
Hears in the tops of the trees,

As Reg are is moved by the crunch of the thistle he  
Pulls at his negligent ease,

So we were inspired by the hummer which Cicely  
Brought to the singing of these.





# Introduction

If you have read (and I don't know why you should, but it will make it very awkward for me if you haven't) two books called *Winnie-the-Pooh* and *The House at Pooh Corner*, then you will need no introduction to this one. For when you see it, you will say (at least, I hope you will) "Ah, here it is at last!" And here it is.

But if you haven't read these other two books, then, as I say, you have made it very awkward for me. Because what I want to say, and keep on saying, is "What! You *haven't*? Well! What *have* you been doing all this time?"—and I oughtn't to say this, because (you may as well know; it's bound to come out) I am the author of those two books. I was taught in the nursery (perhaps wrongly) that "Self-praise is no recommendation"—(one "c" and two "m's." Some people do it the other way)—but sometimes I think that if one doesn't praise oneself, and there's nobody else noticing, who *is* going to do it? When I write an Introduction for somebody else's book, I never let go the pen until all my readers are trooping off to the bookshops, and saying "I want two copies of all the books which this man, I've forgotten his name, has written," but the bother is that I can never get anybody else to write an Introduction to *my* books. They say "Oh, no, you can do it so much better yourself"; and I daresay I can; but I can't Let Myself Go as they could. I did say to Mr. Fraser-Simson, "Suppose we have two Introductions, and *I'll* tell everybody how good the music is, and *you* tell everybody how good the words are, and then nobody can possibly say we are being conceited," but he wouldn't. He says he can't write. I suppose he puts two "c's" and one "m"—a pity.

Very well, then, I've got to do it myself, and this is what I've got to explain. In those two books which you haven't read . . . . WHICH YOU HAVEN'T READ . . . . no, no, let us hush it up—which you *haven't* read—there was a Bear called Pooh, who lived in the Forest, and hummed as he went about his way. If you had read the books (I am sorry, but I must say it again) you would know all about these hums of his, and just what part of each book each one came in, and what Pooh was doing at the time, and who Tigger and Eeyore and Christopher Robin were. And as you looked through this book, recognizing old friends, you would say of each one, "I've often wondered what the tune of *this* was, and now I know." But, as it is, you will be saying, "Rumty Tiddle-y tiddle-y tum, rum tiddle-y tum tum—oh, no it's B *flat*—tum *tum*. A very pretty tune, but what's it all *about*?" So at the beginning of each song I have explained, as quickly as possible, what it *is* all about.

And, turning back to those sensible people, those dear friends, those adventurers, who *have* read the books and know them by heart, perhaps it would be as well if you too, when you sing these songs in public, were first to read aloud these little explanations. For you never know. People are funny; and the old gentleman with whiskers in the middle of the third row *may* take the Pooh books to bed with him every night . . . or he *may* have thought that this was a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society. So, if the policeman misdirected him at the corner, or he thought it was Tuesday, you can spare him something of the surprise by not sailing into the song until you have given him these few words of warning.

And, finally, to those same dear friends, (since this may be the last time that the word "Pooh" will leave my nib) may I say, "Thank you for having loved him." He will be very proud if you sing his songs, and so keep him for ever in your memory.

A. A. MILNE



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# THE HUMS OF POOH

## Isn't it Funny . . . .

One day when Pooh was out walking, he came to a very tall tree, and from the top of the tree there came a loud buzzing noise. Well, Pooh knew what that meant—honey ; so he began to climb the tree. And as he climbed, he sang a little song to himself. Really it was two little songs, because he climbed twenty-seven feet nine-and-a-half inches in between the two verses. So if the second verse is higher than the first, you will know why.









It's a ve - ry fun - ny thought that, if Bears were Bees, They'd

*sf* *mp*

build their nests at the bot - tom of trees. And that be - ing so (if the

Bees were Bears) We should - n't have to climb\_ up\_ all these



stairs.

*f*



## How Sweet to be a Cloud . . . .

When Pooh had fallen from the top of the honey-tree to the bottom (in the quickest time that anybody had ever done it in) he picked himself out of the gorse-bush, and tried to think of another way of getting to the honey. So he thought of floating up to the top of the tree on the end of a blue balloon, and trying to look like a Small Cloud in a very blue sky. And so as to deceive the bees entirely, he sang a small Cloud Song, such as a cloud might sing. Here it is . . . .

# How Sweet to be a Cloud . . . .



*Floatingly*

How

*p*

sweet to be a Cloud Float-ing in the Blue! Ev'-ry lit-tle cloud—

Al-ways sings a-loud. "How sweet to be a Cloud

*mf*



Float - ing in the Blue!" "How sweet to be a Cloud

Float - ing in the Blue!" It makes him ve - ry proud To

*rit.* be a lit - tle Cloud. *a tempo* How sweet to be a Cloud Float - ing in the

Blue!





It's very, very Funny . . . .

One day Pooh and Piglet were trying to catch a Heffalump, and they decided that the best way was to dig a Heffalump Trap and put something in it which Heffalumps liked. And Piglet thought that what they liked best was Honey, because then Pooh would have to go back to his house and get some; and Pooh thought that they liked Haycorns best, because then Piglet would have to go back; but Piglet thought first. So Pooh went back and got his last pot of honey for the Trap. And in the night he woke up feeling very hungry, and went to his empty cupboard . . . and when he could'nt find any he sang this song.



# It's very, very Funny . . . .



*Anxiously*

It's ve - ry, ve - ry fun - ny, 'Cos I

*mf*

know I had some hon - ey; 'Cos it had a la - bel on, say - ing H U N N Y. A go -

*Red.* \*

lop - tious full - up pot too, And I don't know where it's got to, No, I

don't know where it's gone— Well, it's F U N N Y.

*Red.* \*



## Cottleston Pie

This is a song which you sing when anybody says anything which you don't quite understand. You could say "What?" or "I beg your pardon," but Pooh always used to sing *Cottleston Pie*, which is a song he made up for singing when his brain felt fluffy.



# Cottleston Pie

*Wonderingly*

3/4

*f*

Cot - tle - ston,

*mp*

*p.*

Cot - tle - ston, Cot - tle - ston Pie. A fly — can't bird, but a

*p.*

bird — can fly. Ask me a rid - dle and I — re - ply:

*mf*

*p.*



"Cot - tle - ston, Cot - tle - ston, Cot - tle - ston Pie!"

Cot - tle - ston,

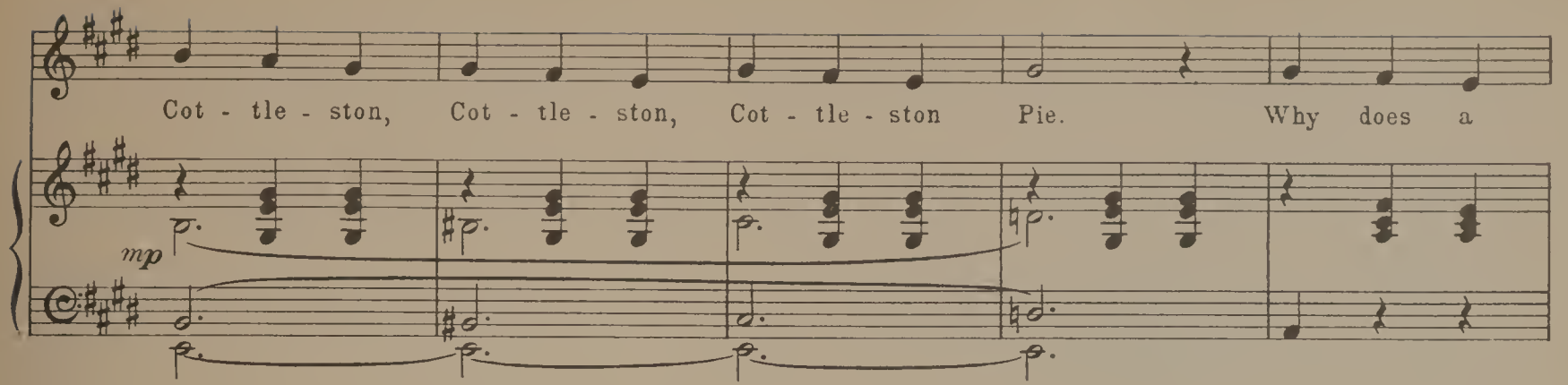
Cot - tle - ston, Cot - tle - ston Pie. A fish— can't whis - tle and

neith - er can I. Ask me a rid - dle and I re - ply:

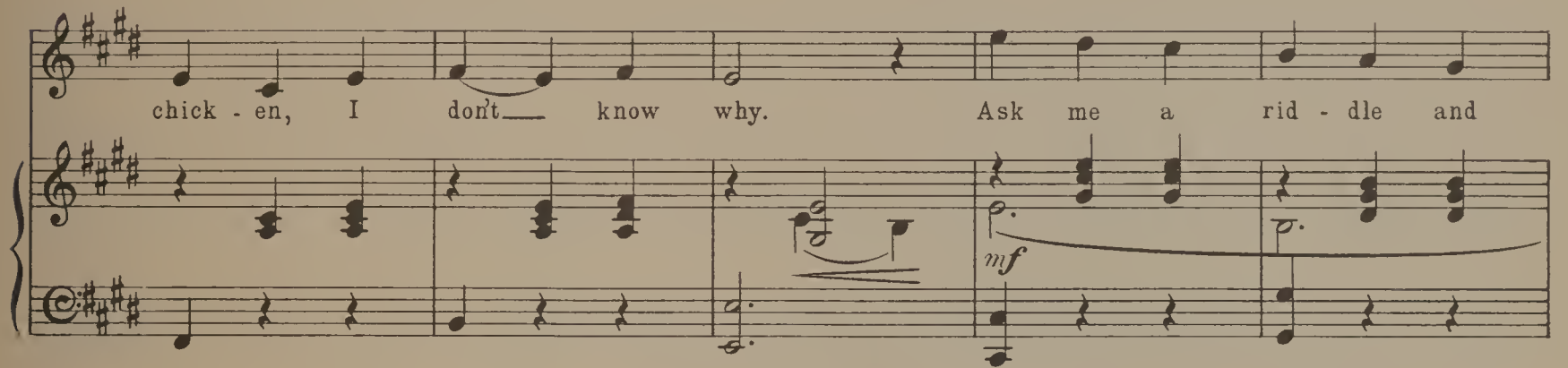


"Cot - tle - ston, Cot - tle - ston, Cot - tle - ston Pie?"

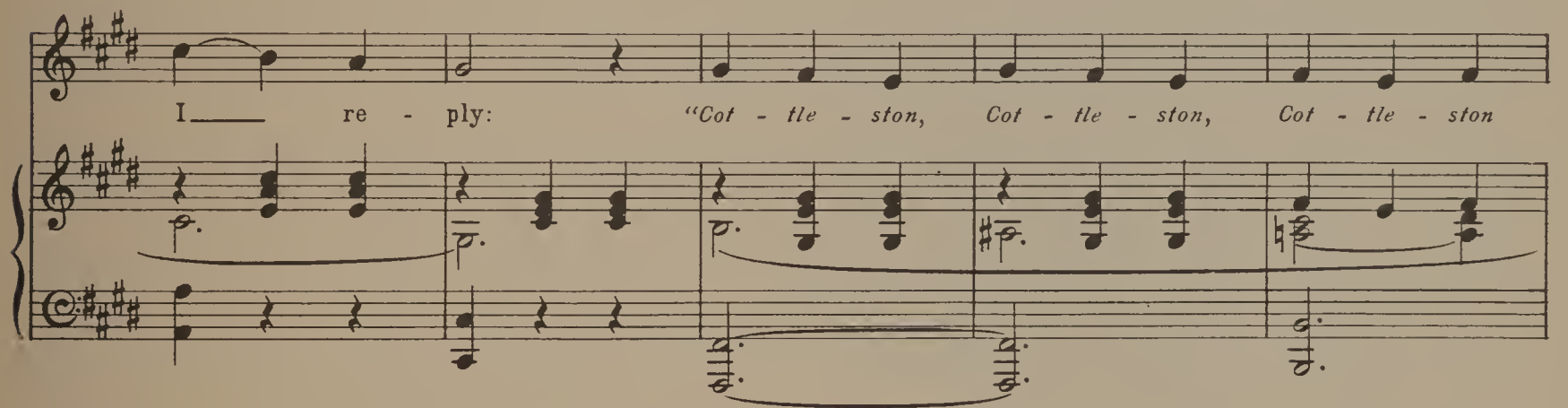
Cot - tle - ston, Cot - tle - ston, Cot - tle - ston Pie. Why does a



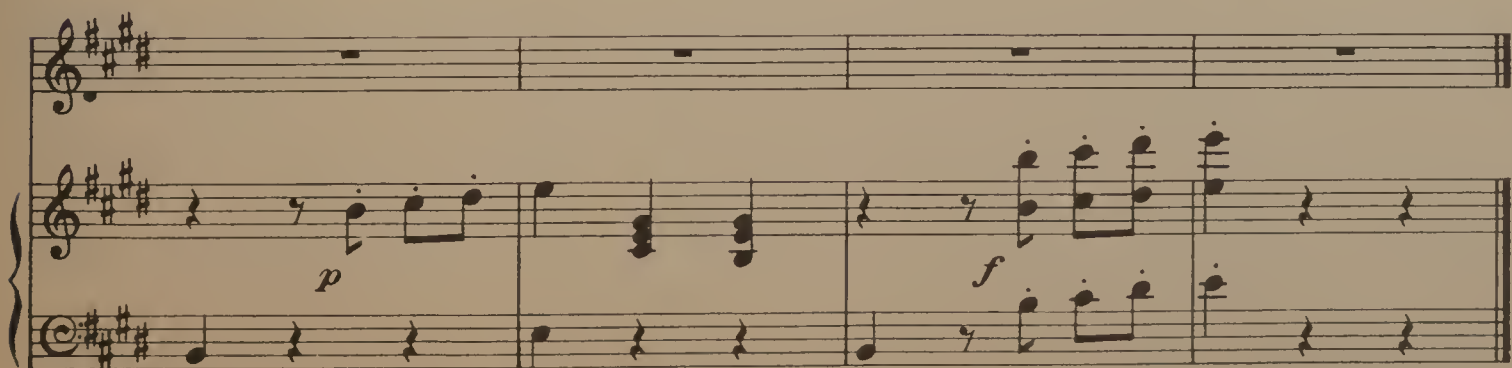
chick - en, I don't know why. Ask me a rid - dle and



I re - ply: "Cot - tle - ston, Cot - tle - ston, Cot - tle - ston



Pie?"



## Lines Written by a Bear of Very Little Brain

The title of this song is *Lines Written by a Bear of Very Little Brain*, and as that describes it, I won't say any more about it, except that Kanga said "Yes it is, isn't it?" just as the fifth verse was beginning. So we shall never know what happened on Friday.



Lines

Written by

a Bear of Very Little Brain



*Briskly*

On Mon - day, when the sun is hot I

won - der to my - self a lot: "Now is it true, or is it not, That

what is which and which is what?" On Tues-day, when it

hails and snows, The feel - ing on me grows and grows That hard - ly an - y -

*mf stacc.* *mp* *cresc.* *mf* *sf* *mp* *cresc.*



- bod - y knows If those are these or these are those.

On Wednes-day, when the

sky is blue, And I have noth - ing else to do, I some-times won - der

if it's true That who is what and what is who.



On Thurs-day, when it starts to freeze And

hoar - frost twink - les on the trees, How ve - ry rea - di - ly one sees That

*cresc.*

these are whose- but whose are these?

On Fri - day- On Fri - day-

*mf* *mp*

(Spoken)

On Fri - day- "What did happen on Friday?"

*f*



## Sing Ho! for the Life of a Bear . . . .

This is a song sung by Pooh when he feels Ho-ish. Some people, when they feel like this, either look about for somebody to push over, or else they break something accidentally, but Pooh works it off by singing a small Ho-song.





# Sing Ho!

for the Life of a Bear . . . .

*With plenty of spirit*

Sing Ho! for the life of a

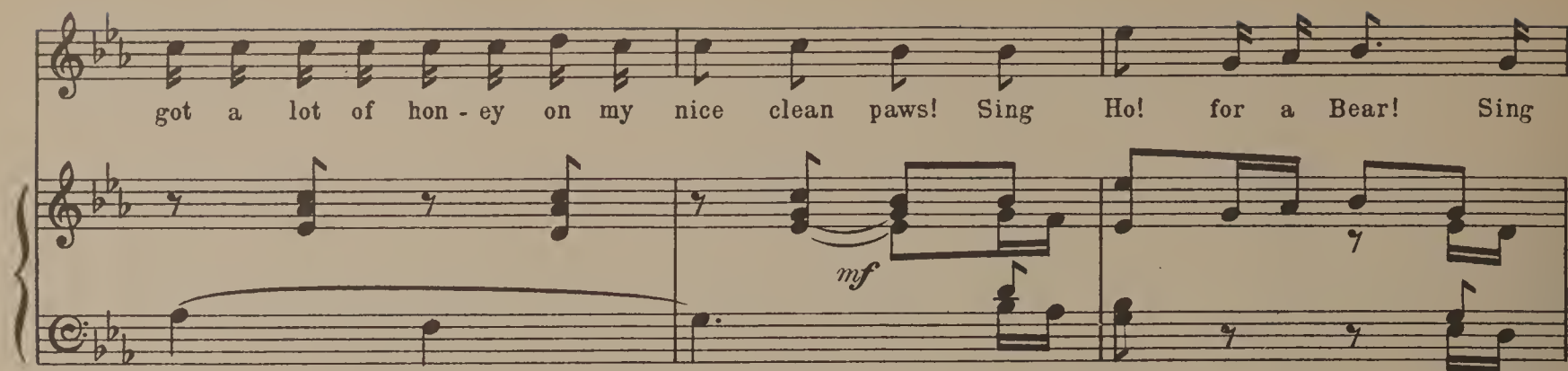
Bear! Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear! I

don't much mind if it rains or snows, 'Cos I've got a lot of hon - ey on my

*mp* *poco a poco cresc.*

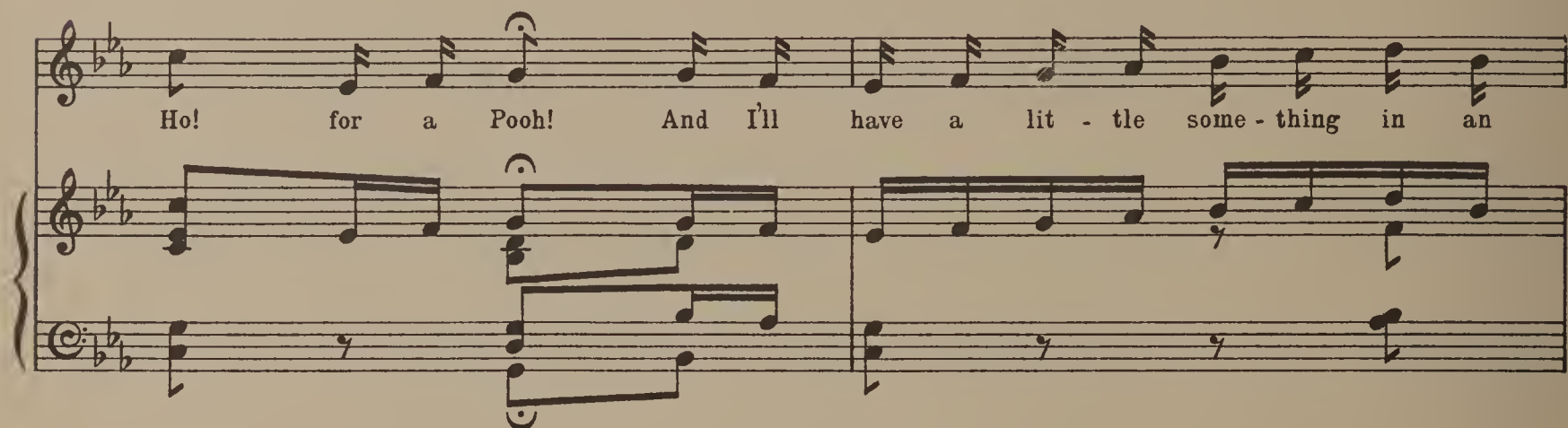
nice new nose! I don't much care if it snows or thaws, 'Cos I've

got a lot of hon - ey on my nice clean paws! Sing Ho! for a Bear! Sing



The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "got a lot of hon - ey on my nice clean paws! Sing Ho! for a Bear! Sing". The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, starting with a bass clef. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present in the piano part.

Ho! for a Pooh! And I'll have a lit - tle some - thing in an



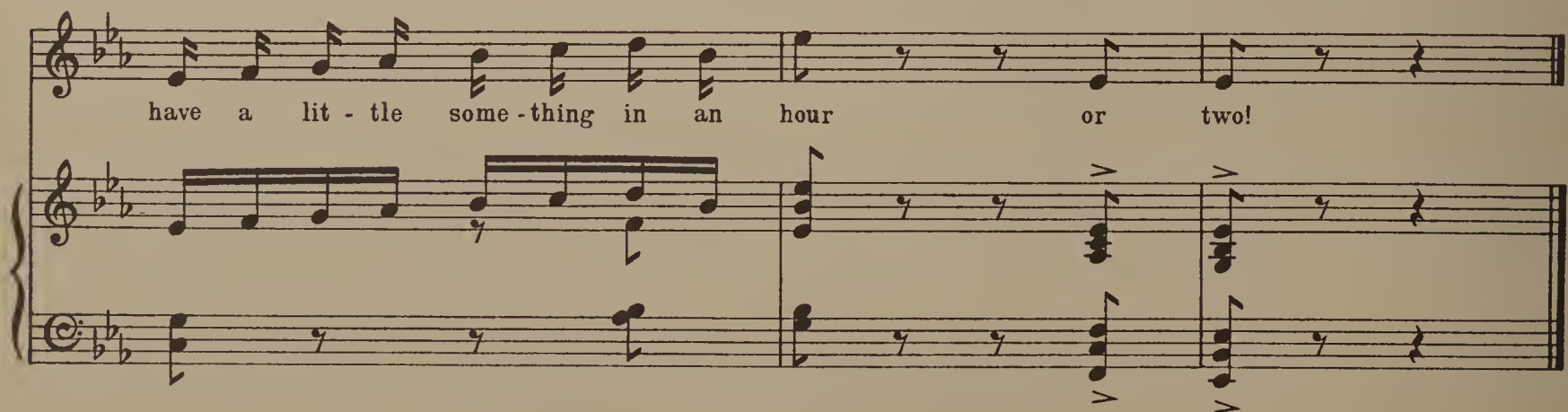
The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics: "Ho! for a Pooh! And I'll have a lit - tle some - thing in an". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody and bass line.

hour or two! Sing Ho! for a Bear! Sing Ho! for a Pooh! And I'll



The third system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics: "hour or two! Sing Ho! for a Bear! Sing Ho! for a Pooh! And I'll". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody and bass line. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the piano part.

have a lit - tle some - thing in an hour or two!



The fourth system of music concludes the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics: "have a lit - tle some - thing in an hour or two!". The piano accompaniment concludes with the same melody and bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.





They all went off to discover the  
Pole . . . .

This is the song which Pooh sang on the Expedition to the North Pole, led by Christopher Robin. When he got to the end of the first verse Christopher Robin said "Hush!" (because they were coming to a dangerous place) which explains why there isn't a second verse.



They all  
went off  
to discover the Pole . . . . .



*Expeditiously*

*mp* *p*

They

all went off to dis - cov - er the Pole, Owl and Pig-let and Rab-bit and all; It's a

Thing you Dis - cov - er, as I've been tole By Owl and Pig-let and Rab-bit and all.

Ee - yore, Chris - to - pher Rob - in and Pooh And Rab - bit's re - la - tions

*poco cresc.*

all went too— And where the Pole— was none of them knew... Sing

Hey! for Owl and Rab-bit and all! Sing

Hey! for Owl and Rab-bit and all his friends and re - la - tions and Pig-let and Pooh and

Kan-ga and Roo And Ee-yore and Chris-to-pher Rob-in and all!





### 3 Cheers for Pooh . . . .

This is an Anxious Pooh Song. Pooh Bear was anxious, because Christopher Robin was giving a party to celebrate something which Pooh had done, and Pooh was afraid that perhaps none of the others at the party would know about his Brave Rescue of Piglet (which is what he had done), and say "Why?" when Christopher Robin said "Three Cheers for Pooh!" or whatever you say after a Brave Rescue. So he made up a song about how awkward it would be if everybody said "Why?" and "Who?" and "I didn't hear." This is the song.





# 3 Cheers for Pooh . . . .



*Cheerily*

6/8

*mf*

3

Cheers for Pooh! (*For Who?*) For Pooh- (*Why what did he do?*) I thought you knew; He saved his friend from a

*p* *mf* *p* *mf*

wet - ting!

3 Cheers for Bear! (*For where?*) For Bear- He

*f* *p* *f* *p* *mf*

could-nt swim, But he res-cued him! (*He res-cued who?*) Oh, lis - ten, do! I am

*p* *mf*





talk-ing of Pooh- (*Of who?*) Of Pooh! (*I'm sor-ry I keep for-get-ting*)



Well, Pooh was a Bear of E -

- nor - mous Brain- (*Just say it a-gain!*) Of e - nor - mous brain- (*Of e - nor - mous what?*) Well, he ate a lot, And I

don't know if he could swim or not, But he man-aged to float on a sort of boat (*On a sort of what?*) Well, a

sort of pot- So now let's give him three hear - ty cheers (*So now let's give him three hear - ty which-es!*) And

hope he'll be with us for years and years, And grow in health and wis-dom and rich-es!\_\_\_\_\_

*a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *f*

*mp* *f*

3

cheers for Pooh! (*For who?*) For Pooh- 3 cheers for Bear! (*For where?*) For Bear- 3 cheers for the won-der-ful

*p* *f* *p* *f* *mp* *cresc.*

Win-nie the Pooh! (*Just tell me, some-bod-y-* WHAT DID HE DO?)\_\_\_\_\_

*f*

$\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{6}{8}$

*mp*

$\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{6}{8}$

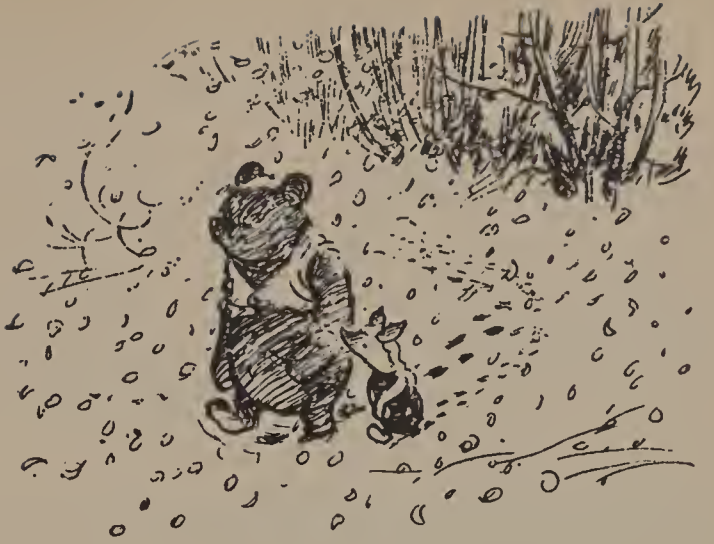


## The more it Snows . . . .

This is Pooh's favourite song, and mine too. It is described in the catalogues as an "Outdoor Hum for Snowy Weather" and there is a special footnote by Mr. Brown, the manager, to say that the chorus can be sung separately while doing stoutness exercises, but really anybody can sing it anywhere. It is very good for keeping the feet warm, which is really why Pooh made it up.



# The more it Snows . . . . .



*March time*

The

*f*

more it SNOWS - tid - de - ly - pom,

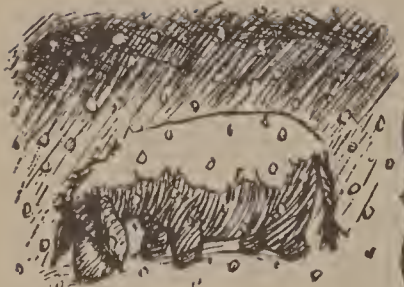
The more it GOES - tid - de - ly -

*mf*

- pom

The more it GOES -

- tid - de - ly - pom On Snow - ing On

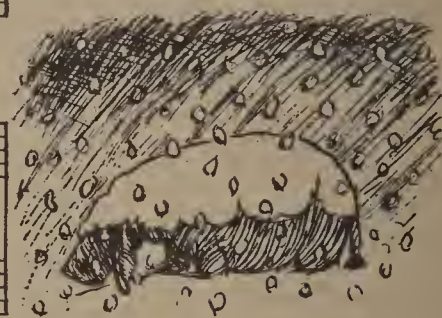


Snow - ing. And no - bod-y KNOWS-tid-de-ly - pom, How

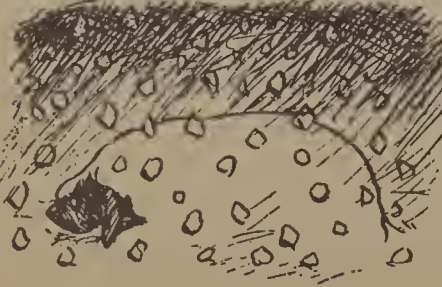
cold my TOES-tid-de-ly - pom How cold my TOES - - tid-de-ly-pom Are

Grow - ing, Are Grow - ing. Tra - la - la,

*p*



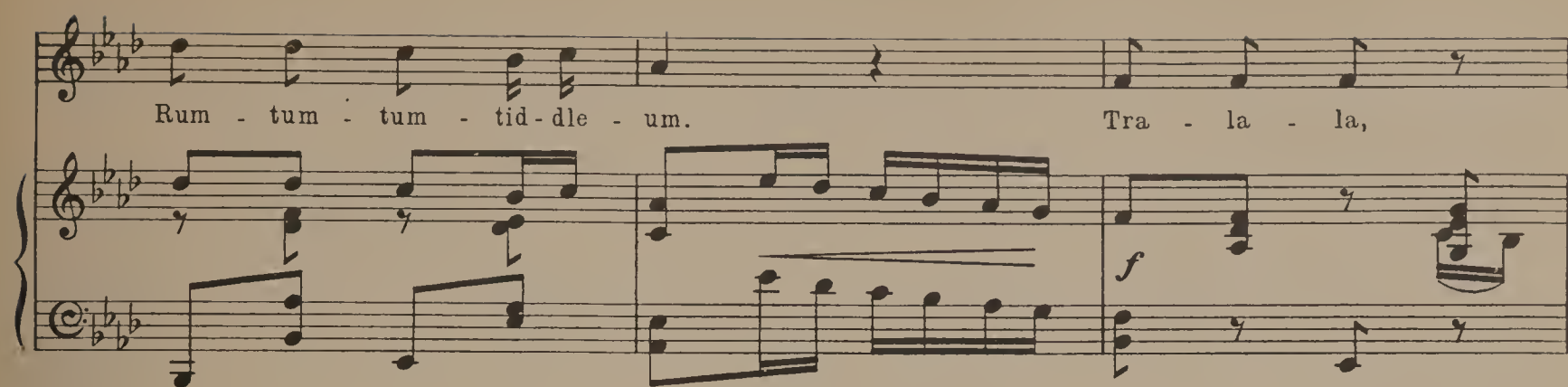
tra - la - la, Tra-la - la, tra - la - la, Rum - tum - tid - dle - um - tum.



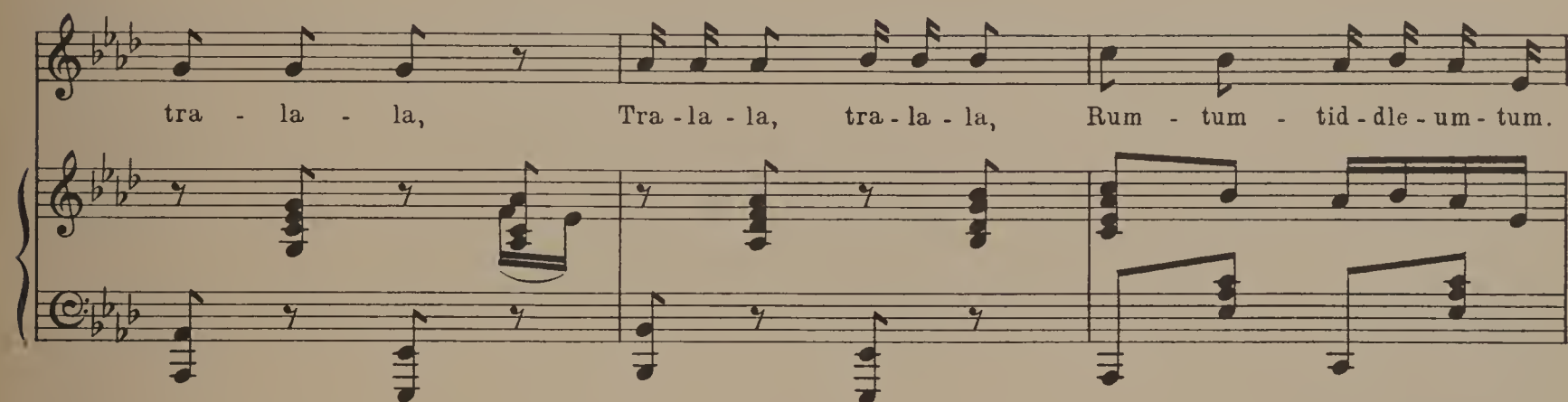
Tid - dle - id - dle, tid - dle - id - dle, Tid - dle - id - dle, tid - dle - id - dle,



Rum - tum - tum - tid - dle - um. Tra - la - la,



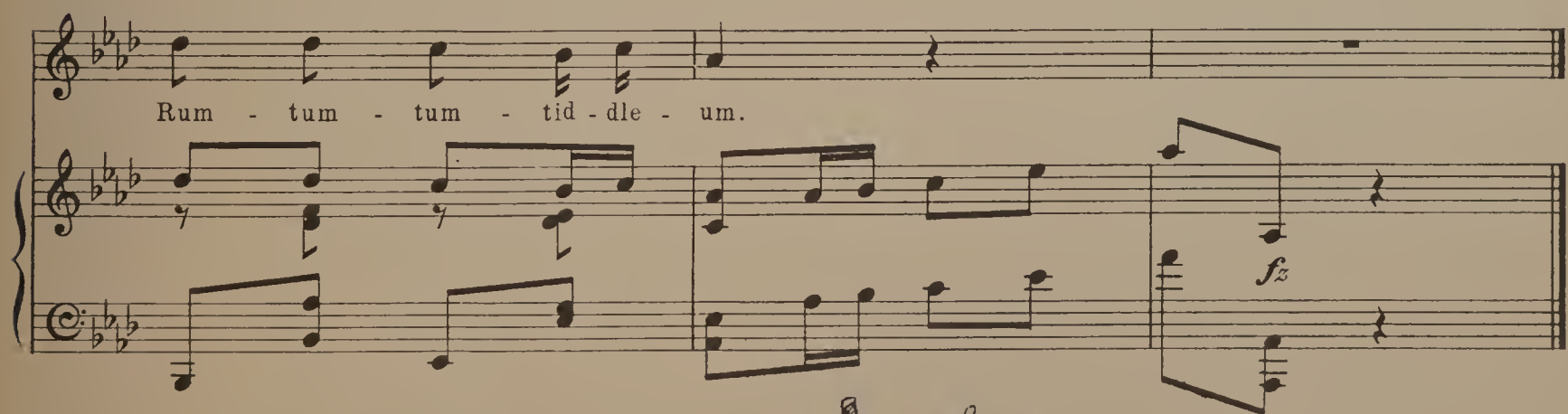
tra - la - la, Tra - la - la, tra - la - la, Rum - tum - tid - dle - um - tum.



Tid - dle - id - dle, tid - dle - id - dle, Tid - dle - id - dle, tid - dle - id - dle,



Rum - tum - tum - tid - dle - um.



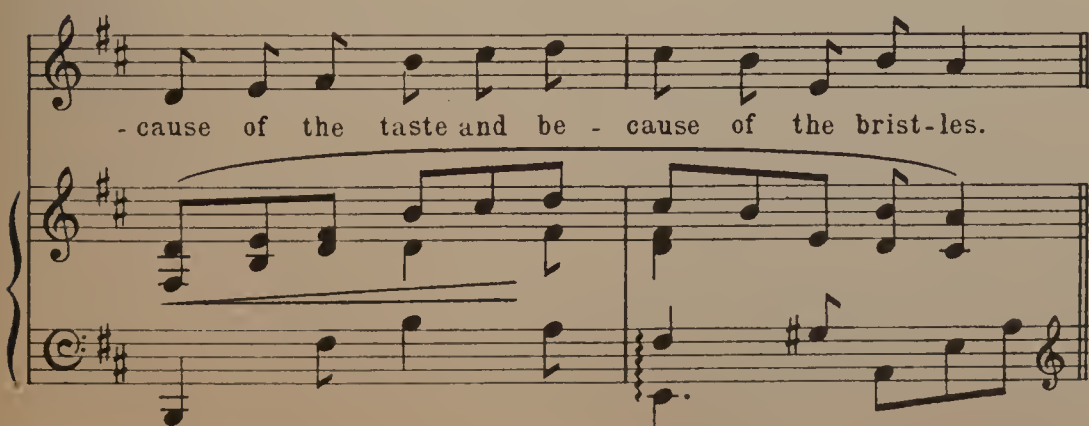
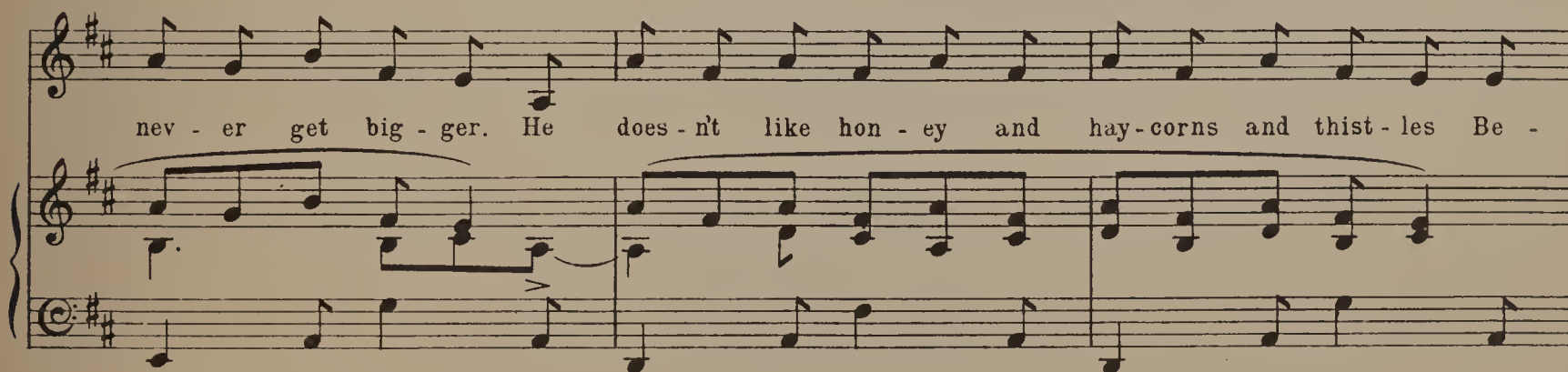
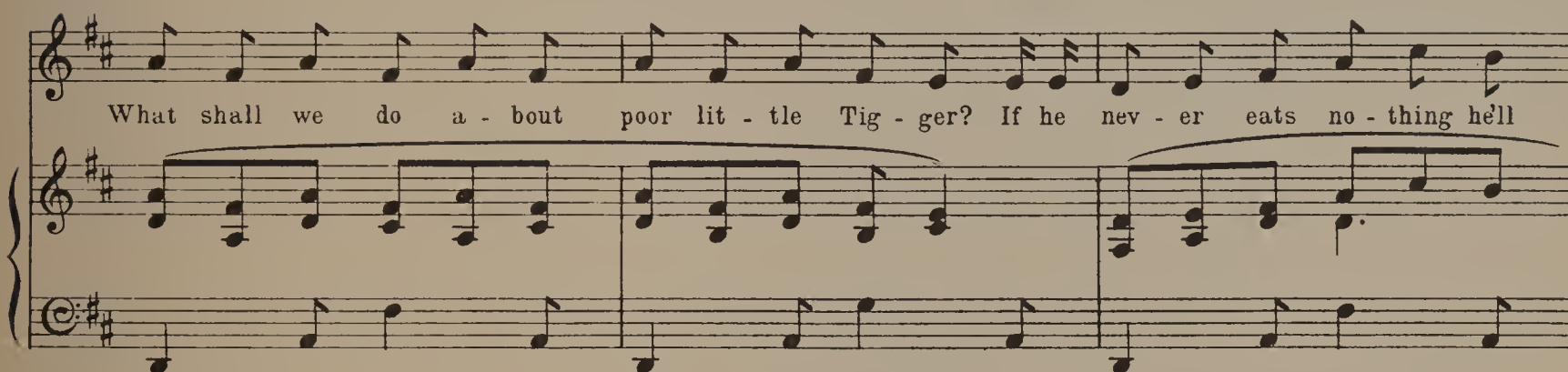
What shall we do about poor little  
Tigger? . . . .

Tigger was a very Bouncy Animal, and when he first came to the Forest, it was a long time before anybody could discover what he liked for breakfast. Pooh made up a song about it. He put in the last two lines because Piglet, who was a Very Small Animal, thought that Tigger bounced too much.



What shall we do  
about  
poor little Tigger? . . . .

*Sadly*







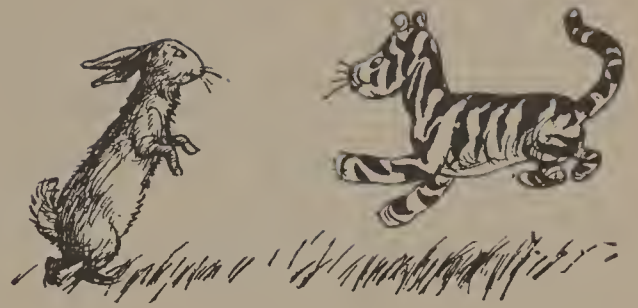
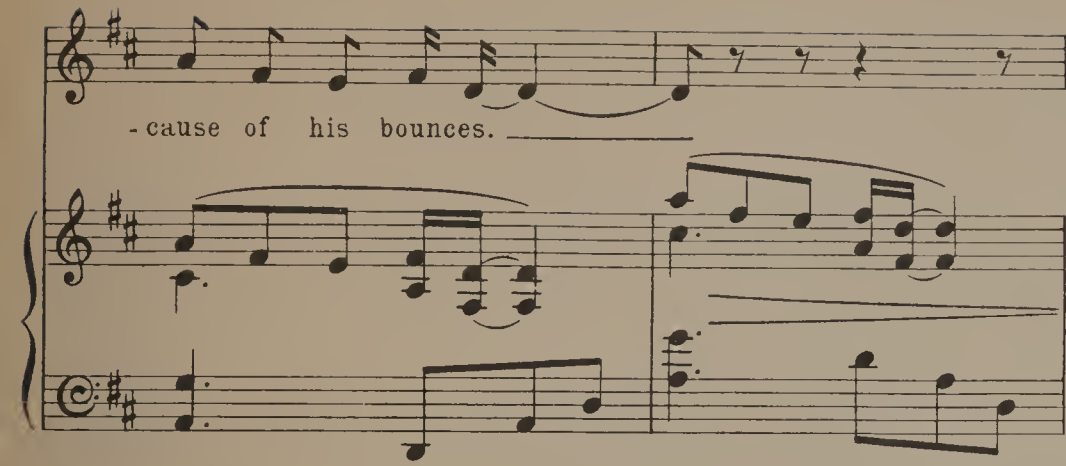
And

all the good things which an an - i - mal likes Have the

*p*

wrong sort of swal-low or too ma - ny spikes. But what -

- ev - er his weight in pounds, shil - lings and ounc - es, He al - ways seems big - ger be -





I could spend a happy morning . . .

One day Pooh sat in the Sun, and wondered what to do. First of all he thought he would go and see Kanga and Roo . . . and then he thought he would go and see Rabbit (who always said “Help Yourself” and “What about another slice?”) . . . and then he thought that most of all, he would like to see his favourite friend, Piglet. In the three verses of this song you can hear him trying to make up his mind. If the last verse isn't very good, you must remember that it was the sort of lazy, sunny day when nobody really bothers.

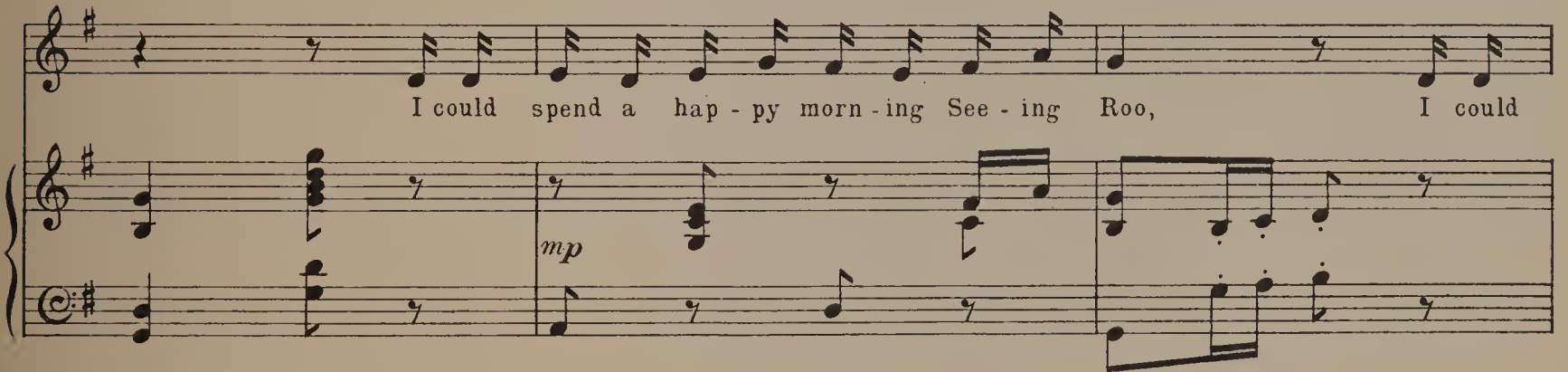
I could spend  
a happy morning...



*Consideringly*

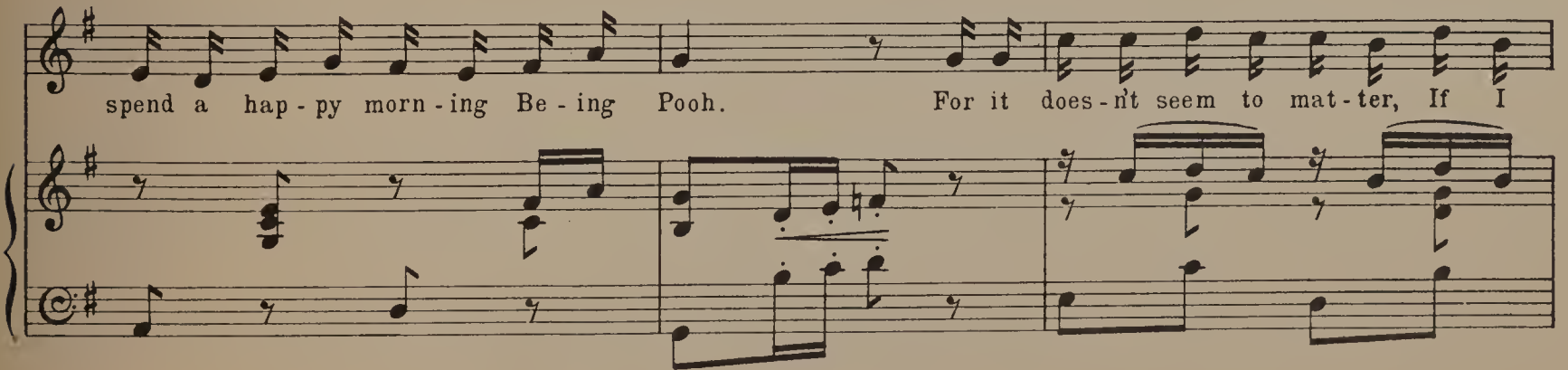


I could spend a hap - py morn - ing See - ing Roo, I could

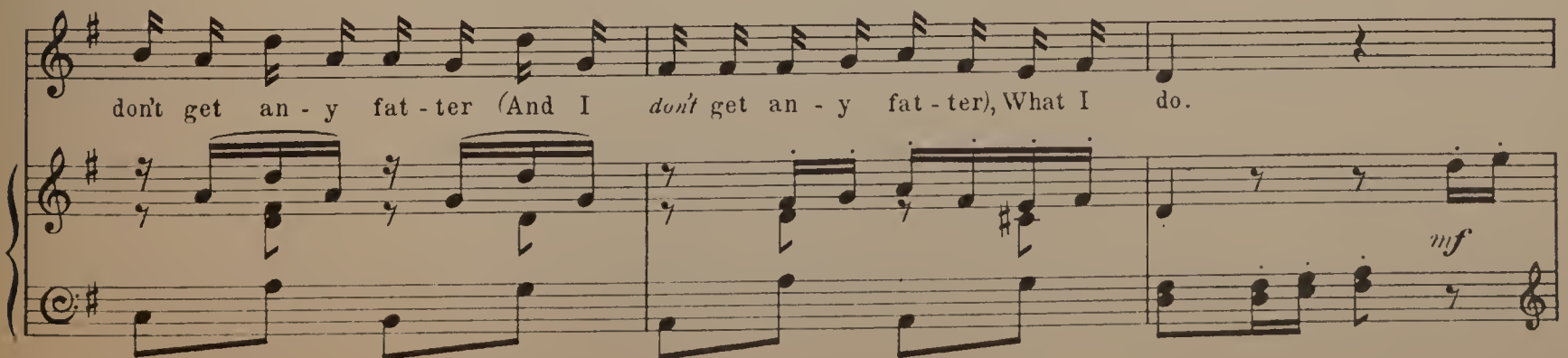


spend a hap - py morn - ing Be - ing Pooh.

For it does - n't seem to mat - ter, If I



don't get an - y fat - ter (And I don't get an - y fat - ter), What I do.



Oh, I like his way of talk-ing, yes, I

*p*

do. It's the nic - est way of talk-ing Just for two. And a

*poco cresc.*

Help - your - self with Rab - bit Tho' it may be - come a hab - it, Is a

pleas - ant sort of hab - it For a Pooh.

*f*

I could spend a hap - py morn - ing See - ing Pig - let. And I

*mp*





could - n't spend a hap - py morn - ing Not see - ing Pig - let. And it

does - n't seem to mat - ter If I don't see Owl and Ee - yore (or any of the others), And I'm

*colla voce.*

not going to see Owl or Eeyore (or any of the others) Or Chris-to-pher

Rob - in.

*a tempo* *f*

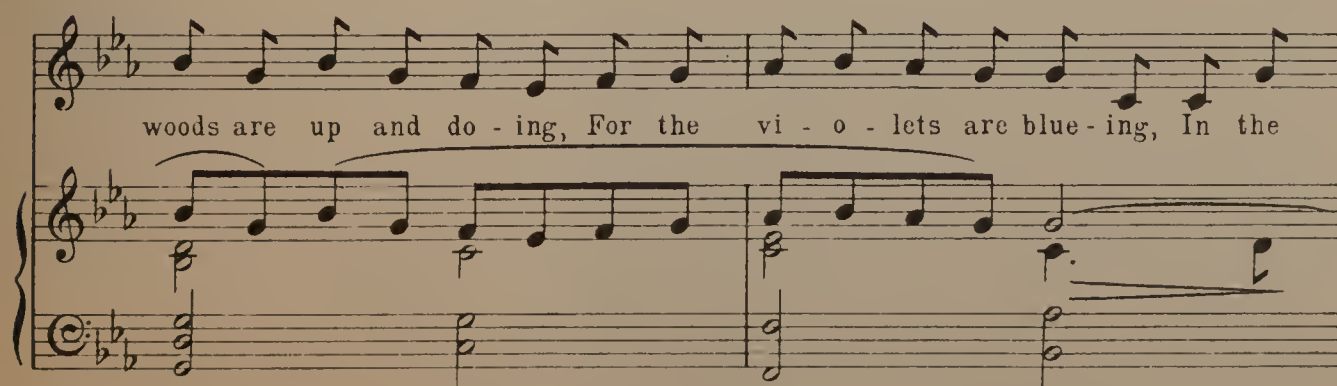
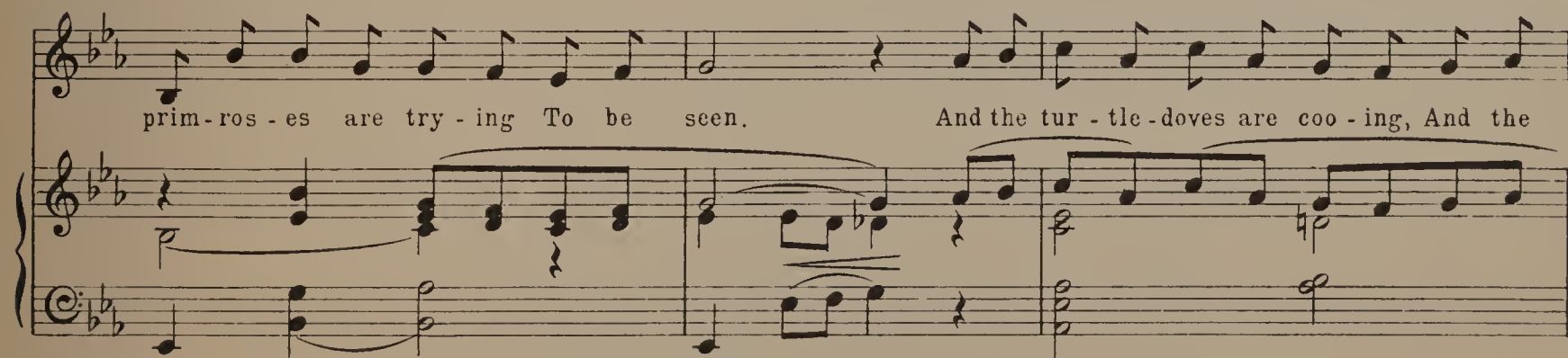
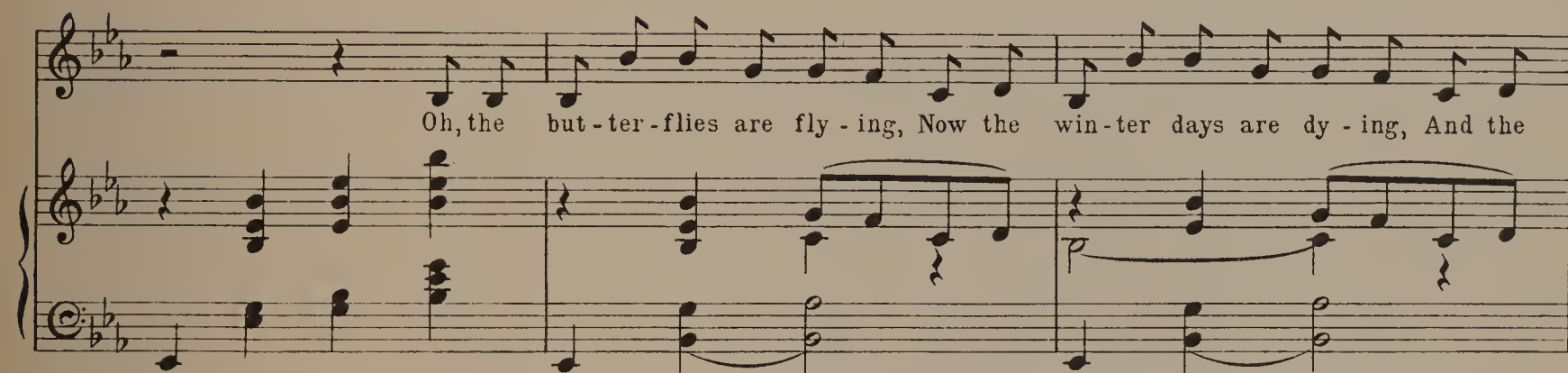
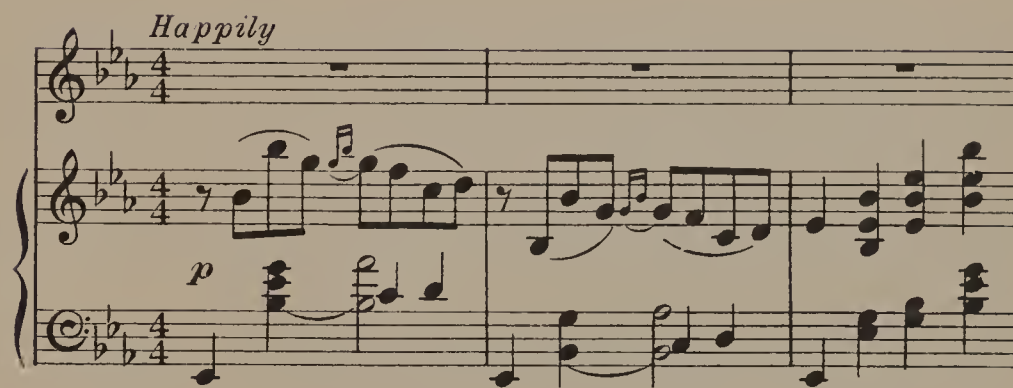


Oh, the Butterflies are flying . . . .

This song is known as "Noise, by Pooh." He "Sort of made it up" one spring day. As he explained to Rabbit, "It isn't Brain, because You Know Why, Rabbit ; but it comes to me sometimes," and Rabbit who never let things come to him, but always went and fetched them, said "Ah !" encouragingly.



# Oh, the Butterflies are flying....



green. Oh, the hon - ey - bees are gumming On their

lit - tle wings, and humming That the summer, which is com - ing, Will be fun. And the



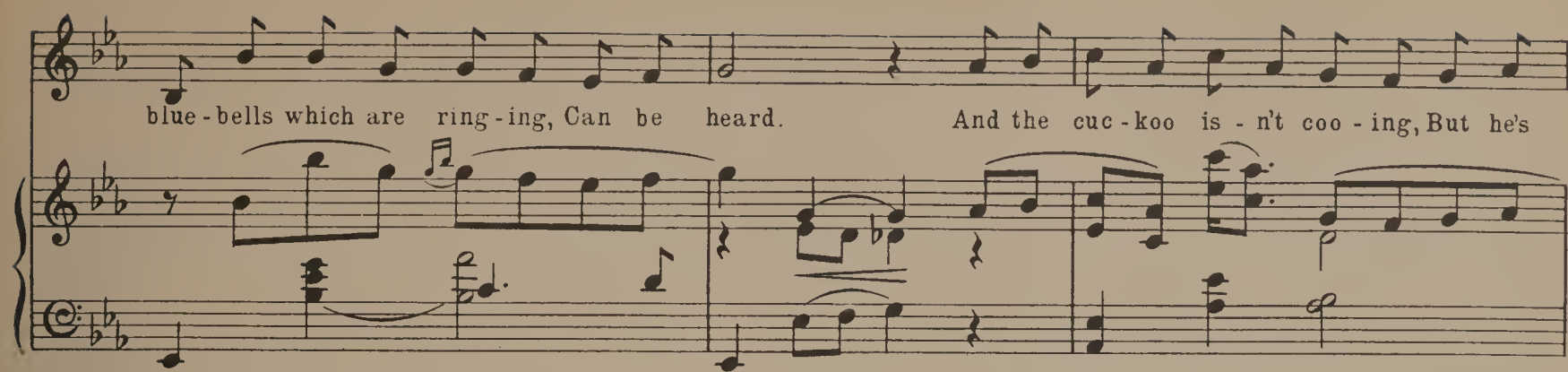
cows are al - most coo - ing, And the tur - tle - doves are moo - ing, Which is

why a Pooh is pooh - ing In the sun. For the

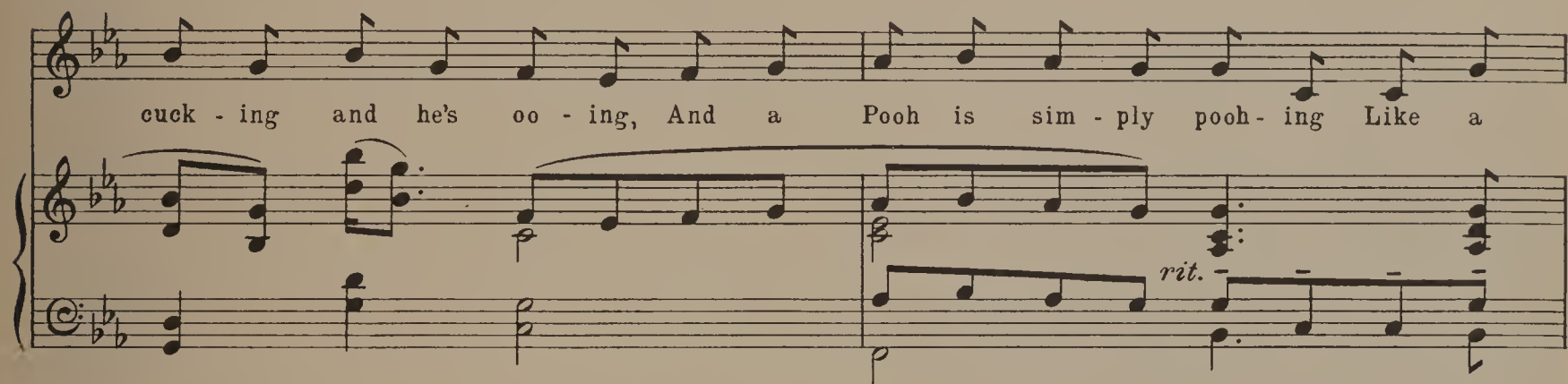
spring is real - ly spring - ing; You can see the sky - lark sing - ing, And the



blue - bells which are ring - ing, Can be heard. And the cuc - koo is - n't coo - ing, But he's



cuck - ing and he's oo - ing, And a Pooh is sim - ply pooh - ing Like a



bird.

*a tempo* *rall. al fine.*



## If Rabbit was bigger . . . .

One day Rabbit decided that It Couldn't Go On Any Longer. Tigger was getting too Bouncy and must be unbounced. And when he heard this, Pooh made up a very quiet Hum which he hummed to himself.





# If Rabbit was bigger . . . .



*Quickly*

*Humming*

If Tig - ger was smal - ler, Then

*a tempo*

Tig - ger's bad hab - it Of bounc - ing at Rab - bit Would mat - ter No long - er,

*Humming*

If Rab - bit Was tal - ler.

*rit.* *a tempo* (Spoken)

If Rab - bit Was tal - ler. But he isn't!

*rit.* *a tempo* *p*



## This Warm and Sunny Spot . . . .

This song was made up by Pooh in a Thoughtful Spot where he and Piglet used to meet, but if I say any more about it, the Explanation will be longer than the Song.



# This Warm and Sunny Spot . . .



*Sunnily*

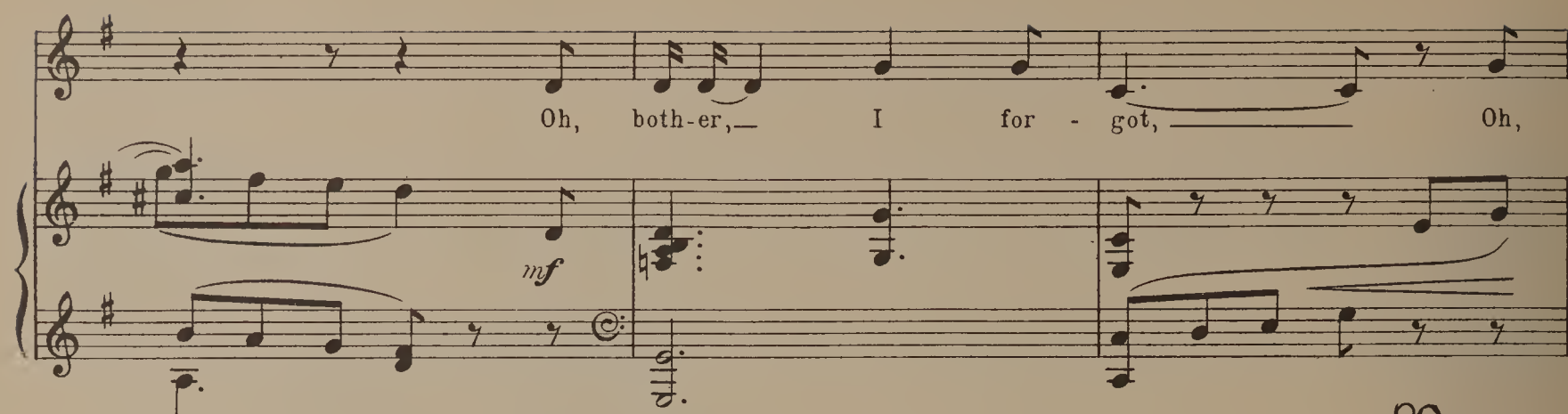
This warm and sun - ny

*p* *mp*

spot Be - longs to Pooh. And

*mp*

here he won - ders what He's go - ing to do.

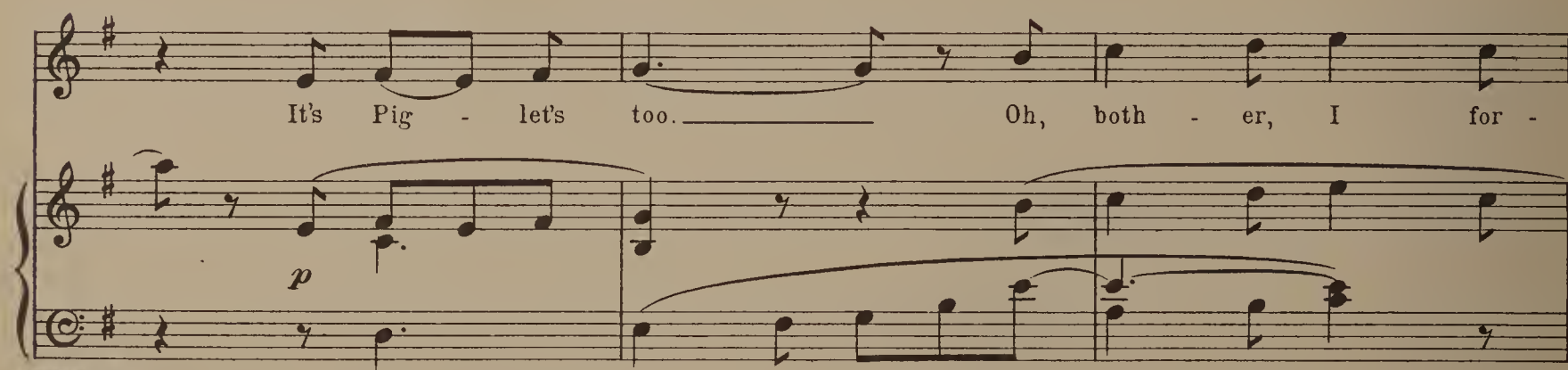


Oh, both-er,— I for - got, — Oh,

*mf*

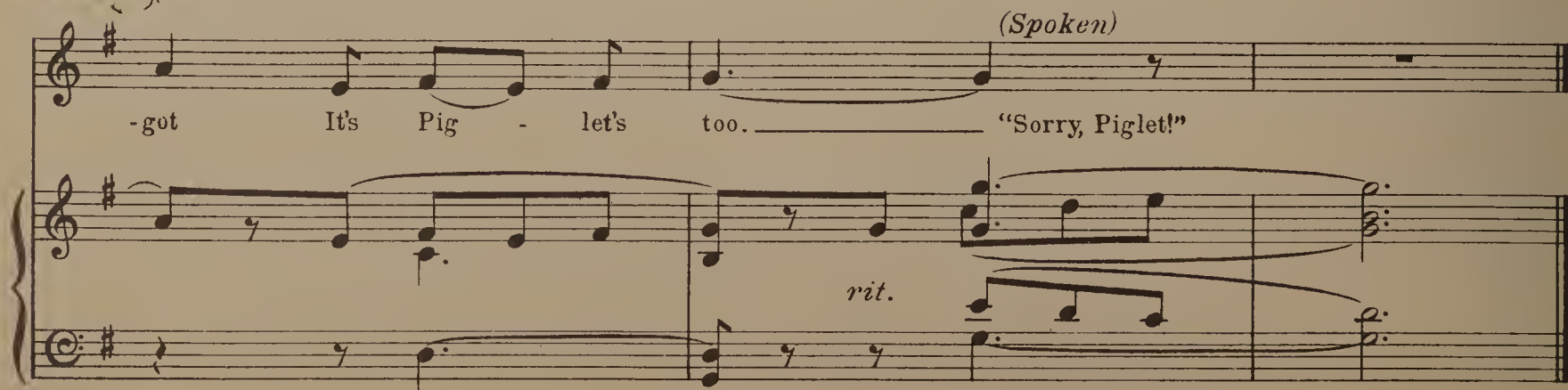


both-er,— I for - got, —



It's Pig - let's too. — Oh, both - er, I for -

*p*



-got It's Pig - let's too. — (Spoken) "Sorry, Piglet!"

*rit.*



## I lay on my Chest . . . .

Pooh and Piglet were having tea with Owl one blustering day, and suddenly Owl's house was blown down, and all the furniture in the sitting-room rushed up to the ceiling and the ceiling rushed down to the floor, and nobody knew where anybody else was. For a long time Pooh was completely missing, and it wasn't until one of the chairs began to talk that Piglet thought of looking in the right place. This is the song which Pooh made up while he was waiting to be rescued.





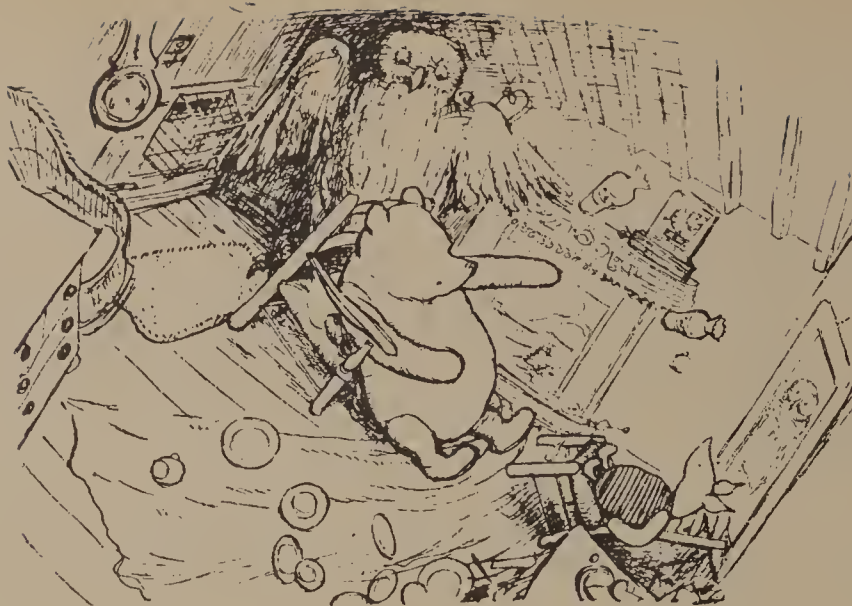
# I lay on my Chest . . . .

*Breathlessly*

lay on my chest And I thought it best To pre - tend I was hav - ing an

*sempre staccato*

eve - ning rest; I lay on my tum And I tried to hum But



noth - ing par - tic - u - lar seemed to come. My

*cresc.* *f* *mp*

face was flat On the floor, and that Is all ve - ry well for an

ac - ro - bat; But it does - n't seem fair To a Friend - ly Bear To

*rit.* stif - fen him out with a bask-et - chair. And a

*rit.* *f*

sort of sqoze Which grows and grows Is not too nice for his

*mp*

poor old nose, And a sort of squch Is much too much For his

*cresc.*

neck and his mouth and his ears\_ and such. \_\_\_\_\_

*rit.* *mf* *piu mosso*

*f*





## Here lies a Tree . . . .

This is a Respectful Pooh Song in praise of Piglet,  
and describes so exactly what happened when Owl's  
house blew down that I shan't say any more about it.



# Here lies a Tree .....



*Dramatically*

Here lies a tree which Owl (a

*f* *p*

bird) Was fond of when it stood on end, And Owl was talk-ing to a friend Called Me (in case you had - n't

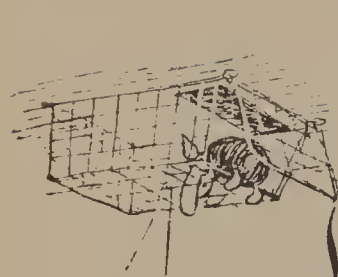
*more brightly*

heard) When something Oo oc-curred. For lo! the wind was blust-er - ous And flat-tened out his fav'-rite

*mp*

tree; And things looked bad for him and we - Looked bad, I mean, for he and us - I've nev - er known them

*poco cresc.*



wuss. — Then Pig-let (PIG-LET) thought a thing: "Courage!" he said. There's al-ways

*f* *p*

hope. I want a thin-nish piece of rope. Or, if there is - n't an - y, bring A thick-ish piece of

*with more spirit*

string." So to the let-ter-box he rose, While Pooh and Owl said "Oh!" and "Hum!" And where the let-ters al-ways

*poco cresc.*

come (Called "LETTERS ON - LY") Pig-let sqoze His head and then his toes. —

*f*

O gal-lant Pig-let (PIG-LET)! Ho! Did Pig-let trem-ble? Did he blinch? No, no, he strug-gled inch by

*p* *3*



*excitedly*

inch Through LETTERS ON - LY, as I know Be-cause I saw him go. He ran and ran, and then he

stood And shout-ed, "Help for Owl, a bird, And Pooh, a bear!" un-til he heard The oth-ers com-ing through the

*poco cresc.*

As when singing Grand Opera

wood As quick - ly as they could. "Help - help and Res-cue!" Pig - let cried, And

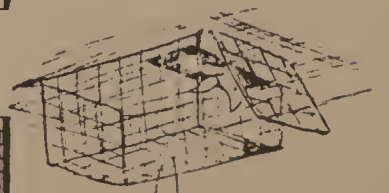
*f* *mf*

showed the oth-ers where to go. [Sing ho! for Pig-let (PIG-LET) ho!] And soon the door was o-pened wide,

*cresc.* *f* *mp*

And we were both out - side!— Sing ho! for Pig-let, ho! Ho!

*f* *sf* *sf*



## Christopher Robin is going . . . .

This song oughtn't to be in the book really, because it was written by Eeyore, the old grey donkey. "Hitherto," as he explained to the other animals, "all the Poetry in the Forest has been written by Pooh, a bear with a Pleasing Manner but a Positively Startling Lack of Brain," and when he had read it to them, and Pooh had said admiringly, "It's much better than mine," Eeyore explained modestly that it was meant to be. But I don't think it is ; and I put it in here, in a book of Pooh Songs partly because it shows that Poetry and Hums are more difficult than people suppose, and partly because it says good-bye to Pooh's great friend, Christopher Robin.





# Christopher Robin

## is going . . . .

*Wistfully*


*p*

*con Ped.*

Chris-to-pher Rob-in is go-ing. At least I think he

is. Where? No-bod-y knows. But he is go-ing- I mean he

goes (To rhyme with "knows") Do we care? (To rhyme with "where") We



cor



Poor

do ve - ry much. *I haven't got a rhyme for that "is" in the second line yet.*

*Both-er.) (Now I haven't got a rhyme for that bother. Bother.)* Those two bothers will have to rhyme with each other.

*mf*



Buth-er. The fact is this is more difficult than I thought I ought- (*Very good indeed*) I

*p*

ought To be-gin a-gain, But it's eas - i - er to stop.

Chris-to - pher Rob - in, good - bye, I (*Good*) I And all your



friends sends I mean all your friend send— (*Very awkward this, it keeps going wrong*) Well,

an - y - how, we send Our love— we send Our love— we send Our love— Well,

an - y - how, we send, our love END.

*poco rit.* *pp*

















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